[fic] Thaw.

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Title: Thaw.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Uriel/Michael.
Word Count: 1,708 words.
Summary: Uriel might be a hallucination, and he should be dead, but he's here in the Cage right now, and real or not Lucifer will protect one so loyal to him.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was authority figures, even though I started with a different prompt. Such is the way of fic and characters doing what they want to.

Contains my headcanon for Uriel and is set post S5.

He might be a dream, yet another hallucination produced by the Cage. Lucifer has had enough of *those* in his stay here. Yet he cannot deny the appeal of this hallucination: it's Uriel. Poor dead loyal Uriel.

(It wasn't difficult to find out if Uriel was alive or not, not once Lucifer had been allowed to roam on Earth.)

There's one problem, one flaw in the hallucination: Lucifer cannot see the customary fire that wreathed Uriel at all times, and he cannot feel the strength of an archangel under his hands.

"They've weakened you," Lucifer says, cupping Uriel's cheek. If it is a hallucination he has decided not to care. If Michael sees, let him see. Faint as the hope is, if it is Uriel, truly Uriel, then he must not neglect his loyal follower.

Uriel had done a slow turn in the Cage upon his appearance, and was now holding himself stiffly, clearly wary of the cold and of the archangels. If he was disoriented or confused, he didn't let it show. Lucifer admired that quality about him.

"Trouble in Heaven," Uriel says stiffly. "I received the blame. I was...demoted."

Lucifer immediately looks at Michael, for if this is true, then he knows who was behind it.

Michael is leaning against the wall, head tilted up, posture relaxed. His eyes are hard, and they are trained onto Uriel.

"Is this true, Michael?" Lucifer asks. "Did you - "

"You're so proud of how you can discern lies from the truth," Michael says, mocking. "Can't you tell?"

"Uriel is telling the truth. I want the truth from *your* lips."

Michael comes away from the wall, facing Lucifer. "Yes, Uriel was demoted. Stripped of rank, status, and power. I have no desire to hash over the details with you, so I'll skip to the end result: he works as a specialist attached to the garrisons, to be deployed as needed. Worked, I should say. Death was too easy a consequence for one so loyal to you."

Lucifer snarls, low. "You can't strip an archangel of that much power."

"We can seal it. There are other methods," Michael says. "Raphael is...creative. The end result is the same: Uriel is not an archangel."

"It's not hard to see why God abandoned you," Uriel snaps, and both archangels swing their attentions back to him. "Raphael is more akin to a demon than an angel, and you are worse than he."

"*Are* we now." Michael says, low; dangerous.

"And is *that* the truth now?" Lucifer asks, a smirk lining his lips. "Has God abandoned you, Michael?"

When Michael says nothing, Lucifer laughs.

That's when Michael springs forward, slamming into Uriel. The force is great enough to carry them across to the other wall, and Michael stays close, growling low in his throat.

Lucifer doesn't wait to see what will happen next, and moves to defend Uriel by raking now-clawed fingers down Michael's back. Clothing tears (easy to repair), skin tears (vessels are easily repaired), and the exposure of skin to the cold steals away precious warmth (and that is how you injure another in the Cage, how you injure them and make it last.)

Michael stills.

"Remove your hands from him," Lucifer orders. "Or do we want to fight? You've been in here long enough to understand the benefits of holding still."

"There are other methods of creating heat," Michael says softly, before 'urk'-ing and curling in slightly.

Uriel scoots to the side and away from Michael, looking satisfied.

"Lucifer," Uriel says. "You don't need to protect me. I appreciate the gesture, brother."

"I am happy to make Michael suffer," Lucifer says, nodding, eyes still on Michael. "Especially when you understand that *I* am the one who can injure Michael."

"I won't touch him again."

"Good of you to be so understanding." Lucifer makes the claws vanish, running a finger over the marks. "Michael, were you suggesting what I thought you were suggesting?"

Michael coughs out a laugh, and steps to the side, turning. "Yes. If you will recall, he is supposed to be God's fire."

"And due to your pride it's the only way you'll consent to such an act." Lucifer muses. "You forget something, Michael."

"You're fond of him."

Uriel clears his throat, annoyed. It's not the first time he's noticed such a thing - ever

since his demotion he realized how often angels spoke as if the lesser angel weren't in the room - but it never fails to annoy him. (He has sworn to himself that when he regains his essence that he will remember this lesson.)

"Yes?" Lucifer says to Uriel.

"I will only consent to sex with Lucifer. If Michael wishes to participate, he must keep it purely physical."

"We aren't humans, Uriel." Michael says.

"As far as I am concerned, you are no better than a mud monkey, and will be treated as such."

"And how did you come to *that* conclusion?" Michael asks, tone warning.

"Look at yourself. Resorting to sex at the first opportunity, vulnerable to physical ailments, and prey to anger." Uriel's smile is amused and vicious at the same time. "Go ahead and strike me again. You know it's an accurate description of you - and of most of humanity."

Michael works his mouth, clearly unsure of how to respond to *that* - lesser angels don't talk back, there is no concept of insubordination among angels, unless they are Fallen or going that way (which can occur on Earth, when angels have vessels and emotions cannot be restrained well) - but before Michael can form a response, Lucifer lands a hand on Uriel's shoulder.

"Anger him too well and there won't be an opportunity to explore his idea." Lucifer murmurs.

"You want the cold eased."

"Yes." Lucifer says. He tilts his head. "Do you despise me for my weakness?"

Uriel answers that with a kiss, and by opening his Grace to Lucifer. By his very nature he is warm, and scant minutes in the Cage is not enough to steal that from him.

He shudders once as Lucifer presses his freezing Grace along the length of Uriel's, then finds that he has wrapped his arms around Lucifer and pulled him close. It is too easy to open his mouth to Lucifer and he keeps his eyes open to see the warped beauty of Lucifer in its full glory.

If Michael sees it does not matter, for Uriel is the one Lucifer allows to reach out with more than flesh to run fingers along his wings, and water puddles on the floor as Uriel melts frost from Lucifer's feathers.

Light shines in the Cage, bright in the constant gloom. Lucifer grips Uriel's shoulders as he cries out, pushing closer to him, back bending in an arc - he wants to press closer to Uriel, he wants to push into Uriel's hands, he wants -

Uriel gives it to him, mouthing at his neck, pulsing heat through Lucifer, and it's only when Lucifer's wings are free of ice when Uriel drops to his knees to open Lucifer's pants and take his cock into his mouth. The Cage will defeat him and the heat he is spreading momentarily, but for the moment: Uriel sucks Lucifer down and nearly burns Lucifer's hips with his palms, which are so hot.

Michael intrudes, putting hands on Uriel's arms to feel the warmth, and Uriel hisses at the fresh source of cold, lifts his lips from Lucifer to lock gazes with Michael.

"Let me," Michael demands.

"Touch *only*, or I'll - "

"Let him," Lucifer orders. "Let him or I will force it, Uriel."

Uriel's eyes flick to Lucifer's, and for a moment he struggles with his urge to obey. Devotion is one thing, orders are another thing, and letting Michael - Michael who saw his love of Lucifer and badly tested loyalty to Michael and who decided to break him to prevent a problem and make a show of force in Heaven; Michael who let Raphael bind his Grace and cripple him - letting *Michael* touch him, touching back with his Grace -

It's a long minute before Uriel puts his lips back on Lucifer's cock and opens his Grace to Michael as well.

Michael's grip on his arm tightens as warmth spreads through him, and Uriel extends the spread of heat to Michael's physical form as well, praying he is not making a mistake.

Lucifer comes in his mouth, mouth open in a silent cry as his body jerks, and he reluctantly pulls away from Uriel, curling his Grace back into himself once again. Uriel closes his eyes briefly as he breathes, rests his forehead against Lucifer's hip, then steels himself and closes Lucifer's pants. He needs to face Michael now.

Lucifer is silent as Uriel rises, watching with badly hidden relief and care. He thinks about interfering now, letting Uriel off the hook so he does not need to kneel between Michael's legs, but -

Uriel returns a flush to Michael's cheeks and makes him moan and cry out and writhe, clearly unaccustomed to the pleasures of the flesh, and Lucifer knows the heat will overwhelm Michael, as well as Uriel's tongue -

Lucifer watches Michael come and watches Uriel dig his fingers into Michael's hips too harshly as he pulls back, and he watches Michael completely miss the hostility, lost in the bliss of heat and pleasure as he is.

Lucifer opens an arm and watches as Uriel walks to him, and he kisses Uriel, sharing his amusement and gratitude privately.

"Lucifer," Uriel murmurs, and quiets when Lucifer touches his lips.

"I don't know how you got here," Lucifer says. "Or if you are real or if you are hallucination or any of that. But I will proceed as if you are here, and that means that I will trust in your loyalty and I will protect you when Michael resorts to rage. Do you understand?"

Do you continue to offer me your loyalty?

Uriel looks at Michael for a long moment, watches as Michael gazes back, and they all know that Lucifer will ask him to bow to Michael again.

Uriel looks back at Lucifer, and nods. He made his choice on his knees.